

Holmes County Republican.

J. CASKEY, Editor and Proprietor.

OFFICE—Washington Street, Third Door South of Jackson.

TERMS—One Dollar and Fifty Cents in Advance

VOL. 5.

MILLERSBURG, HOLMES COUNTY, OHIO, THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 15, 1860.

NO. 13.

Business Cards.

E. STEINBACHER & CO.,
Produce & Commission
MERCHANTS,
Dealers in
Flour, Grain, Mill Stuff, Salt Fish, White and Water
Lard, &c., &c., &c.
PURCHASERS OF
Wheat, Rye, Corn, Oats, Seeds, Dried
Fruits, Butter, Eggs, Wool, &c.
M. M. SPEIGLE, Agent,
MILLERSBURG, O.
May 21, 1860—41.

BAKER & WHOLE,
Forwarding and Commission
MERCHANTS,
AND DEALERS IN
SALT FISH, PLASTER, WHITE
AND WATER LIME.

PURCHASERS OF
FLOUR, WHEAT, RYE, CORN, OATS
CLOVER AND TIMOTHY SEED,
Butter, Eggs, Lard, Tallow and all kinds
of Dried Fruits.
WAREHOUSE, MILLERSBURG, O.
Sept. 18, 1856—41f.

J. G. BIGHAM, M. D.
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON.
RESPECTFULLY announces his readiness to give
prompt attention to all professional calls.
He is permitted to refer to the Medical Faculty of
the University of Michigan, and to the Medical Faculty
of the University of the City of New York.
Fredericksburg, O., Sept. 20, 1860—41f.

JOHN W. VORHES,
Attorney at Law,
MILLERSBURG, O.
OFFICE, one door East of the Book Store,
up stairs.
April 22, 1858—v2n35y1.

G. W. RAMAGE,
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON
HOLMESVILLE, OHIO.
Respectfully informs the public that he has located
himself in the above village for the practice of his
profession.
OFFICE, four doors west of Reed's cor-
ner, Aug. 4, 1859—v2n35y1.

J. E. ATKINSON,
DENTIST,
Millersburg, Ohio.
IS NOW PREPARED to furnish to order all
the different kinds of Artificial Teeth, from one to an
entire set. OFFICE on Main street, two doors east of
Dr. Belling's office, up stairs.
June 9, 1859—42.

DR. S. D. RICHARDS,
LOCATED in Berlin, Holmes county, Ohio, will
attend to all calls properly made.
OFFICE, on Main street, two doors east of
Dr. Belling's office, up stairs.
April 12, 1860—34.

DR. T. G. V. BOLING,
Physician & Surgeon,
MILLERSBURG, O.
THANKFUL for past favors, respectfully
tenders his professional services to the pub-
lic. Office in the room formerly occupied by
Dr. Irvine.
April 15, 1858—v2n34f.

DR. EBRIGT,
Physician and Surgeon,
MILLERSBURG, O.
Office on Jackson Street, nearly opposite the
Empire House.
Residence on Clay Street, opposite the
Presbyterian Church.

BENJAMIN COHN,
DEALER IN
READY-MADE CLOTHING
Of all Descriptions,
COR. OF JACKSON & WASHINGTON STS.,
MILLERSBURG, O.

LAKE & JONES,
DENTISTS.
Wooster, O.
Dec. 1, 1859.

CASKEY & INGLES,
DEALERS IN
Books & Stationery,
MILLERSBURG, O.

To the Public.
A. WAITS, having purchased Wray and
hand to work on the public in the way of a
carriage.
I am also agent for said Machine, and can recom-
mend it as the best now in use, for all purposes.
CALL AND SEE IT OPERATE.
Above Joe Carey's Auction Room.
Sept. 20, 1860—41f.

**PLAIN & FANCY
JOB PRINTING**
Of all kinds, neatly executed
AT THIS OFFICE.
EAGLE BLACKSMITH SHOP!
MILLERSBURG, OHIO.

JOHN JORDAN,
HAS opened a new Blacksmith Shop on Madison
Street, west side, a short distance north of Ober-
lin Street, where he is fully prepared to do all
work in his line of business on a short notice, at reason-
able prices and to order.

Workmanlike Manner.
All who want their work well done and at reasonable
prices, should call at Jordan's shop. He shoes horses
for one dollar cash, and does other work proportionately
low.
MILLERSBURG, Aug. 11, 1860—51.

Fashionable Tailoring
A. S. LOWTHER is carrying on the
tailoring business in all its various
branches in Rooms over
MULVANEY'S STORE.
His experience and taste enables him to render
general satisfaction to those for whom he
does work, and he hopes by industry and close
application to business to receive a liberal share
of patronage.

ALL WORK IS WARRANTED.
His prices are as low as it is possible for
man to live at.
MILLERSBURG, 1860—41f.

Poetry.

HOMES HARMONY.
The lark may sing her sweetest song,
As rising from the waving corn,
On soaring wings, she skims along
To welcome in the rising morn;
Her sweetest song is sought to me,
Compared to home's sweet harmony.
Deep in the woods, the nightingale,
At midnight's hour, may tune her lay,
May pour upon the listening vale
Her love's strains of melody;
Lovely her midnight lay may be,
But lovelier home's sweet harmony.
Sweet are the songsters of the spring,
And of the summer's sunny days,
And autumn's feathered warblers sing
In rapturous strains their sweetest lays;
Lovely the song of bower and tree,
But lovelier home's sweet harmony.
But, oh, what cheers the winter night,
When all around is dark and gloom,
When feathered songsters take their flight,
Or fill a gloomy little tomb?
'Tis at such hours as these that we
Prize most our home's sweet harmony.
Oh, when dark clouds above us lower,
And life's dear winter o'er us comes,
'Tis then we feel your magic power,
Ye songsters of our hearts and homes;
For soon the lowering clouds do flee
From our dear home's sweet harmony.

Miscellaneous.

LIFE IN EGYPT.

BY A BOOK PEDDLER.

I had been ordered into the twenty coun-
ties known as Egypt, in Southern Illinois,
to sell our remaining stock of Doug-
las pictures and lives. It was not a pleas-
ant prospect, nor did it look to be profit-
able. But one must obey orders, and I
wrote to J. F. at Vincennes to rig me up
an establishment suitable, and I picked
out a proper quantity of old clothes. I
selected a route going Messrs. Phillips,
Piatt & Schenck through the hardest part
of the benighted region, and, on the 20th
Oct. last, left Cincinnati for the scenes of
my labor.

The express train stopped at Lawrence-
ville station at 2 o'clock A. M., the latter
part of about a dark night as Egypt
might ever hope for. While feeling about
for my wares, I heard (for seeing was out
of the question) the voices of three unhappy
stumpers sent down as missionaries to en-
lighten the natives. After I had secured
my stock I joined them. Where to go
was then the question that agitated the
country. We might at any moment have
more rain, and was necessary to find a
shelter other than the station-house. Fully
impressed with the fact, the political
teachers made an attack on what seemed
to be a tavern, some hundred yards from
the railroad. The heavy knocking brought,
for some time, no response. At last a
window went up, and an ugly voice de-
manded our business. This was stated to
be lodging for the night.

"Can't get it here," was the unpleasant
response.
"Why not; is not this a hotel?"
"Well, it was last week, but it's gone
up," and down slammed the window, as
Hood would have said, with a wooden
dam, that served as a previous question,
crying up the further debate. Mr. Phil-
lips said that the town was at least two
miles away. Far or near nothing was left
but to seek it—and so we trudged away.
We had not made more than half a mile
before Piatt gave out, and announced
gravely that in the road he and grief would
sit on a hand truck until the committee
with a band of music, waving great ban-
ners, should come out and meet them.—
It was useless to remonstrate; and nothing
but an offer on my part to carry said hand
truck, leaving him to transport said grief,
moved the orator. He begged me to han-
dle the luggage carefully, as it contained
his speech and a clean shirt. After a tedious
time of wearisome stumbling we
made the town, and found the sign post
that indicated so faithfully cheap indiges-
tion, bad whiskey, and bedbugs. We as-
sailed the house with furious knocks, and
in a reasonable time heard some one with-
in, and soon the dim glimmer of a tallow
dip made darkness visible. A slender
specimen of weak humanity again gave us
the pleasing information that this, too, had
been a tavern in days gone by, but like
the one at the station had "gone up," or
rather, to judge from appearances, had gone
down. I found the honorable gentlemen's
trunk, containing that speech and shirt,
entirely too heavy for further transporta-
tion, and so pushed by the nocturnal lu-
minary made up of tallow and glue.

"I guess," I said, giving my best spec-
imen of Yankee vernacular, "we can find
room to lie down if the whiskey and grub
are out."
A silent assent was given to this propo-
sition, and we were shown to a large room,
where the remnant of some beds gave evi-
dence of departed glory. Here, for five
long hours, we fought the real owners of
the premises, and, after daylight, discov-
ered that we narrowly missed an excellent
house of entertainment, kept a few paces
further on by a good publican Republican.
The committee was grived at the manner
their missionaries had fared, and said that
they had been expected by the noon train,
when the "procession" would have con-
ducted them in glory to the meeting.

So far I have been blessed with beauti-
ful autumn weather. The roads are in a
fine condition, the air pleasant, and the
nights bright with full moons and no clouds.
I propose to give some account of the men,
manners and real condition of this part of
the Free States, where democracy yet
reigns in all its former glory.

Let me give you a specimen scene.—
We were at Fairfield, White county, the
hardest place in the entire circuit, if we
except Cairo, where the original Douglas
Democracy is condensed into Irishism.—
I was told that Frog Island—one of those

islands spoken of by Sancho Panza, to
which one journey by land—bounded
Fairfield civilization on the south. The
only Republican meeting attempted before
this had been welcomed with eggs and
brickbats, and this was threatened with a
like reception. The political missionaries,
nothing daunted, accompanied by a small
band of Wide Awakes from Liberty in the
same county, marched to the Court House,
pinning up my pictures, spreading out my
books before their arrival, I observed some
ugly looking customers piling up stones
bricks where they would be handy, while
leading Democrats of the town earnestly
remonstrated. The remonstrances carried,
I presume, for the crowd entered the build-
ing unmolested.

The threats had not served to soothe
the speakers by any means. Mr. Phillips
rubbed down the Egyptians in no very plas-
tant manner. The Robert C. Schenk has
been for many years celebrated for his
powers of sarcasm which, by graphic abuse,
when required, he can bring within the
comprehension of the most obtuse; while
Piatt's early education and communion
with the Democracy peculiarly fitted him
for that use of grotesque humor so very
aggravating. The effect was singular.—
Instead of interruptions and abuse, the
Democrats, joined in the laugh, and, before
the meeting closed, applauded like good
fellows. I saw a long, thin, angular spec-
imen of Egyptian darkness looking at my
pictures.

"Would you like to have a picture of
Douglas?" I asked.
"No, Sir-ee," he replied, "I'll take a
picture of Old Abe, if you'll sell cheap."
"Why, are you a Lincoln man?"
"Well I am now."
"Why does that happen?"

"Jes so," I was panted from Frog Island
to-day night to egg the speakers at that
old Black Republican meeting, and I did it.
I got all the old eggs I could find, and
come on till I stood near the door, all ready,
and jes' at the right time I fired away.—
As I fired, that cursed old Sheriff of
Jesse rose up to put a question, and the egg
took him slap on the side of the head.—
He cursed like mad, and then they held a
meeting and read me out of the party.—
Well, they did jes' as if it was my fault
that a fool of a Douglas fellow put his
pumpkin head in the way of my egg.

"That was't fair."
"Guess not. So I'll vote for Old Abe
if they do resolve the Union goes
with me," I said—and Bill Thompson goes
with me!"
"Did they read him out too?"
"No, they didn't," by a long shot. He
rode out. He was riding by a grocery in
Frog, one night, when jes' for fun he hol-
lered for Lincoln, and the fellows run out,
and one said of he hollored for Lincoln
again he shoot; and Bill hollored—an
sure enough the chaps gave him a blizzard
with both barrels. He was shot, an' his
hoss shot; so his hoss run three miles an'
tumbled Bill into a swamp. The hoss was
high upon him and the Doctor hollored
forty shot out of Bill's back. An' now
he goes for Old Abe."

"And you was read out and he was
shot out."
"Jes so."—N. Y. Tribune.

BEAUTY, LOVE AND DUTY.—"Burleigh,"
the New York correspondent of the Boston
Journal, gets off the following charm-
ing little romance:
"A short time since one of the many
agents that are abroad selecting musical
talent for America, sent on to the care of
this house a French girl, who was engaged
to teach for one year in a southern institu-
tion on a salary of \$900 per year. On her
way to New York she saw a German
merchant of this city, who was smitten
with her, for she was a young lady of daz-
zling beauty. He followed her to New
York, and made a formal proposal for her
hand. The gentleman was well known to
the head of the house of Adams & Co.,
as a gentleman of wealth and standing.—
But the young teacher declined the propo-
sal, at least till her contract for teaching
should expire, and the consent of her pa-
rents obtained. But the gentleman was
not to be put off. The lady had great con-
fidence in the integrity of the company,
and relied on what the house of Adams &
Co. said of the honor and position of the
applicant. She relented and yielded, and
cards are now out for the wedding at one
of our most fashionable hotels, and this
young adventurer, with nothing but her
talents and beauty, will soon be at the head
of an establishment, with a husband worth
\$300,000."

JUDGE BALDWIN'S REASONS.—Joe Bald-
win, author of "Flash Times in Alabama"
and present Chief Justice of California,
would occasionally indulge his natural pro-
pensity for fun even in replies to ques-
tions. A case came before us over which we
laughed heartily at the time, and which has
not been in print.
Just before he moved to California, a
gentleman now dead, and well remembered
for his eccentricity, forwarded an old claim
to Mr. Baldwin for collection, due by a citi-
zen of Mississippi, in a county bordering
on Alabama. In due time he received a
letter in relation to it from Mr. Baldwin,
which he handed to us for perusal, taking
the reply in high dudgeon. Mr. Baldwin
wrote him that he could not collect the
sum for three reasons: First, when the
debtor was alive he obtained judgment
against him, and the execution was return-
ed with the endorsement "No property
found." Secondly the debtor was dead
and the estate hopelessly insolvent. Third-
ly, and as a last reason, he did not prac-
tice where he believed the creditor had
gone to.

At a Republican Festival given at
the Wigwam at Springfield, Ill., a few days
since, the ladies, who love the generous
and gallant standard bearer, presented Mr.
Lincoln with two magnificent leaves of
cake—one representing a log and rail cab-
in, and the other his private residence.
He accepted the gifts with some benefit-
ing and humorous remarks, and then di-
vided them, distributing the cake logs and
rails composing them among the company.

Miss Euthanasia Armariata at Trinity Church.

This Fifth Avenue ditty it seems was the
fortunate possessor of a red ticket that ad-
mitted her to one of the very front seats
in Trinity Church, New York, at the reli-
gious services given to the Prince of Wales
a few Sundays since. Miss A. writes all
about it to her "dearest, adorable Sabrina
Jane," and, somehow, her letter got into
the Chicago Press.

"I am so glad now that pa kept his pew
in Trinity. I wish you could have been
here last Sunday. I think it was the most
delicious day of my life. The price at-
tended service at Trinity, and you remem-
ber our pew. It was so delightfully near
to the royal party. It was so much bet-
ter than meeting him in a ball room, and
there was just as much style, you know,
and more, and so exclusive, every-
body in full dress. I was almost crazy
with fear lest I should get disappointed by
the milliner, and Madam Planché, but ev-
erything came home in time; the sweetest
bonnet you ever saw, with a prince's plume,
and I enclose you a little piece of the dress,
the new Renfrew robe, isn't it lovely? It
made pa frown a little when the bills came
home, but ma attended to all that. I had
pa get me the finest prayer-book he could
find; crimson velvet, with a heavy gold
clasp. How lucky that when we girls were
at school at Madame Dessaix's Young
Ladies' Hypophosphon, we were regularly
drilled in our responses to the church ser-
vice, to give the proper sweet ex-
pressiveness to the features. It was so
lucky; and then, too, on Sunday morning
I practised before the glass, saying them
and the Lord's Prayer aloud, and was get-
ting along well, when that tease Alfred,
who was all the while behind the cur-
tains, burst out laughing, and said, 'Go it,
sis, that high pious style of thing will take
him.' Just as if there was not a proper
propriety even in saying the Lord's prayer.
But Alfred is not religious, and does not
appreciate these things.

"I never saw anything more impressive
in my life. He came in with his suite
a little late. Everybody rose and received
him. He took his place in the pew as
assigned him. Our dear rectors had pre-
pared a delightful little surprise in two beau-
tiful Prayer Books that lay upon the cus-
hion, the most exquisite bindings you ever
saw, presents to Albert Edward, one from
Trinity Church, and the other from its cler-
gy. That tease, Alfred, says if he had
known that was the dodge, he would
have had a box of his favorite El Renfrew
cigars put into the pew, presented by the
son of one of the wardens of Trinity, as
pa is, you know. But Alfred doesn't
joke on such sacred things. How sweet
and touching to give a young man away
from home a pious gift, like a prayer book!
The choir all came out in their surplices,
twenty-four in all. That tease, Alfred,
whispered to me, 'Considerable surplus
piety in this church.' I was provoked,
but I had to laugh. He is such a witch.
I wonder the surplices are not everywhere
in use, they give us a religious tone. I
said so to pa, but he does not like sur-
plices, and said gruffly, 'we should come
candleless soon.'

"The services were most imposing.—
They must have reminded the prince of his
home, and the tears came to my eyes as I
thought of it. I saw him looking at me
just then, and my heart beat. There were
great many clergymen present, and sev-
eral bishops, and they took turns, and all
them never appeared better. Some of the
intoning was lovely and so full of piety.
Ma said religion never seemed so much
like religion as on that day, and Alfred,
the tease, said it reminded him a little
of the Fourth of July, but Alfred isn't pious
you know. Pa says he never was prouder
of Trinity, all but the surplices in the choir.
But I cannot tell you all the lovely things
of that Sunday. The sermon was splendid.
My letter is longer than I intended, but
the memory of that Sunday is so delight-
ful. I wish you could have been here.—
How fortunate for New York and this coun-
try that there is a Trinity where the dear
prince could be reminded of home. I for-
got to say that I watched him carefully in
all the responses. I am certain he pro-
nounced 'like us,' as for instance, 'Take
not Thy Holy Spirit from us,' and 'And
greet us Thy salvation. It is better than
dancing with the prince to attend church
with him.'

**STRANGE ADVENTURES OF A BUST OF
LORD NELSON.**—Among the late items of
news from Hayti we find the following:
Among the Acul mountains there has
been found, in an old house, a bust of
Lord Nelson. It is of white marble, some-
what stained by time and neglect. Nel-
son is represented in his costume of admi-
ral, and bears on his breast five decorations.
One, in the commemoration of the battle
of Aboukir, has the inscription: "Admiral
Lord Nelson of the Nile."
Another medal has the words: "Al-
mighty God has blessed his Majesty's
glory!"

This bust, interesting in its artistic and
historical associations, was found on the al-
tar devoted to the fetish worship, where
for half a century it has been revered as
the Deity of the Mountain Streams.
The names of the sculptors were "Cosio
and Lendy, of Lambeth."

Thus for fifty years a bust of an Eng-
lish admiral has been worshipped as a
heathen idol.

The finder of the statue has refused an
offer of five hundred dollars for it.

We notice that several of our ex-
changes state on the authority of this pa-
per, that the Sponge trade of this District,
for the past year, amounts to \$12,000.—
The amount stated by us is correct, and is
\$12,000 instead of \$12,000—a difference
in our favor of \$60,000.—Key West Pa-
per.

Barnum has purchased the Califor-
nia grizzly bears of J. C. Adams, de-
ceased, and will ship them to Cuba and
thence to England. An old California
trapper succeeds Adams in the manage-
ment of the beasts.

Romance of a Sailor.

Romance Portland (Maine.) Advertiser
of last week relates the following story,
"When the Royal British squadron lay
at anchor in our harbor, not only our own
citizens but hundreds from the interior
towns of our country went on board to ex-
amine the rare sight to them of a first-
class ship-of-war, with her armament, and
crew of nearly nine hundred persons inclu-
ding officers.

"One day, as a resident of one of the
interior towns in this country, about twelve
miles from Portland, was looking about be-
low decks, and seeing here a sailor stretch-
ed on the hard plank sleeping as soundly
as if his bed were of softest down, there
another coiled upon a gun with a harder
iron for a pillow, while others were reading
by the dim light of a lamp, or busy in the
useless-like act of plying the needle, as our
rural friend, looking around, saw all these
strange sights, he was surprised to see one
of Her Majesty's sailors step out from his
mess, hold out his hand 'for a shake,' and
call him by name. He, of course, return-
ed the recognition, but utterly at a loss to
know how a sailor down from the decks of
a British man-of-war should know him, and
the town where he resided. Walking a
little aside, the sailor soon told his story,
which, in brief, was this: Some 14 years
since or more, he became possessed with a
desire to 'see the world,' and left the old
homestead, which was not a great distance
from that of the visitor and in the same
town. He shipped on board a vessel, and
after several voyages arrived in England.
Here, as usual, Jack had to live ashore,
and one night joined his companion 'in a
speer.' The oblivion of liquor threw his
spell over his brain, and when he awoke
to sobriety and consciousness, he found
himself on board a British man-of-war. He
claimed to be an American, but his plea
only led them to set a closer watch upon
him.

For twelve long and varied years he had
served on board of various ships of war,
and now, when within twelve or fifteen
miles of his boyhood's home, the love of
his old heartstrings, his familiar trees and
well known hill sides, all conspired to give
him courage to revisit them, which he had
often resolved to carry out, but never had
found a fitting opportunity.

A few hours after this interview, there
might have been seen down below the or-
lop deck of that ship, two persons, one of
whom appeared to be in the act of divest-
ing himself of his clothes, but seemed to
have an extra suit under his external cov-
ering. Near him was a sailor, who, in less
time than we can tell it, was stripped of
his man-of-war rig, and stood forth in his
dark hark in a down east suit of frock-
coat and hand lubber boots. Pulling a
pair of Yankee shoes from one pocket, and
a Kossuth hat somewhat jammed from the
other, Her Majesty's sailor walked up the
gang-way a genuine Yankee in dress as
well as in blood.

To pass the marine guard at the ship's
gang-way, with the crowd similarly at-
tired, was an easy task for the two towns-
men; and once on shore they made direct for
their homes—the wanderer of many years
content to remain among his own native
hills, in one of the most quiet but beautiful
towns in Cumberland county, thoroughly
cured of his love of wandering to see the
world.

Couldn't go it.
In the winter of 1857, about midnight,
a passenger with a carpet sack in one hand
and a heavy shawl in the other, entered the
Tremont House in Chicago. Walking
directly to the office, he hailed the clerk
who presided at the desk. It being late at
night, almost every one had left this popu-
lar exchange of the great northwestern me-
tropolis, and the clerk had fallen to nod-
ding. Awakened by the salutation of the
stranger, he jumped up.

"Ah, Mr. Harris, glad to see you; just
arrived, I suppose from Detroit?"
"Just in; very tired; have not had my
clothes off for two days; straight from New
York. Can you give me a room?"
"I am afraid not; we are very full."
"You must stretch a point, for I must
have a room," replied Harris.

After looking over the register some mo-
ments, the clerk said—
"I can put you in the same room Judge
Douglas occupied the last time he was
here."

"Ah!" replied Harris, "that will suit me.
I was born a Democrat, have lived a Demo-
crat, and hope to die one. I voted for
Buchanan, and would have greatly pre-
ferred voting for Douglas. Send me up—I
want to wash and go to sleep."

A waiter was immediately called, who,
taking the carpet sack in one hand and a
light in the other, started, Mr. Harris fol-
lowing, for 142. Arriving there, they en-
tered a large and handsomely furnished
room, two beds, one in each corner of the
room, two gentlemen in each bed except
one; there only one.

The gas in the chandelier was dimly
burning over a large square table, on which
stood, in graceful negligee, six glasses the
remnant of used up punches, two decks of
the best single-backs, a large spittoon at
each corner of the table, with tobacco quids
rising in their sugar-loaf fashion; unmen-
tionable everywhere round, Harris looked
mournfully; the waiter started off. Harris
called out—
"Stop, Mike! I'll go down with you a
moment." Arriving at the office, Harris
said: "see here I am perfectly willing to
occupy the same room Stephen A. Doug-
las occupied, but I'll be — if I want
to sleep with the whole Democratic party."

AN EXCELLENT CAKE.—Take one cup of
butter and three of sugar, well rubbed to-
gether, then take five eggs which have been
beaten very light, and stir them by
successive portions into the above mixture,
adding also four cups of flour and a cup of
sweet milk. Add nutmeg and a wine glass
of rose-water, and also a teaspoonful of
solution of soda. Baking about fif-
teen minutes in a moderately hot oven will
be sufficient.

A Florida "Cracker."

In a letter from Florida to the New
York Commercial Advertiser, by Fitz
Hugh Ludlow thus describes a personage
indigenous to the section.
And see—what portent is that coming?
Florida alone could produce this creation.
It is landed proprietor from the interior—
but people to the manor born do not call
him by this respectful name. They style
him a "piny woods Cracker." He is riding
his own horse—a small native pony, whose
only curcomb is the most convenient
thornbush—whose ears are of the half-polo
variety—head abased—and tail—but no!
it is not fair to speak slightly of the
absent. It is to be hoped that an equal
regard to fairness moves the landed prop-
rietor to take turns with the pony in carry-
ing their united weight, for the sand is deep,
and whether horse or man be the heavier is
not obvious. The man is arrayed as for a
fancy dress ball. An immense sombrero
of braided palmetto shades his ratty little
black eyes, long rufous cheeks, and bronzed
beak-like nose. Beneath the palmetto
long grizzled locks straggle down upon the
torn and particolorated shoulders of what
may ages ago have been a blue sack coat,
but is now so shrunken or outgrown that its
pockets come close under his arms, and its
tails flutter about the small of his back.
His trousers are blue and white bedtick.
A calico shirt, whose pattern is black spots
on red ground, cost originally six cents
per yard besides the trouble of making up
by the laden proprietress are lady Crack-
ers of the backwoods cabin whence it
emanated—and is thus too valuable to be
concealed by any vest. The man who cut
the belted pantaloons was generous, but
they are short, and permit us to see so
much of an original Florida pair of legs as
is comprised between the neighborhood of
the knee and that of the ankle. At this
latter point the member disappear from
human view in a pair of marvelously roomy
shoes, home manufactured of the alligator's
curiously checkered hide. These last re-
ceptacles rest on the thills of cart attached
to the dejected pony by cotton ropes mir-
aculously knotted—the said cart appar-
ently knocked together out of yellow pine
boards by a violent thunderstorm, which
occurred in the early youth of the landed
proprietor. The only objection to this view
of the case is that the cart has wheels—
but Florida is the country of rare products,
and these rotary phenomena may be ac-
counted for on the supposition that they
originally grew and were added on to the
boards as an after thought. Certainly no
wheelwright of our acquaintance could
ever saw out these singular pieces of tim-
ber and stick them together under the im-
pression that they were wheels. The land-
ed proprietor sits on his horse in a heap
—like a human bag of meat—has a short
pipe in his mouth—a rope attached at the
lower end to his animal's neck in one hand
—a long black whip of bulskin in the
other, with which at every step he expresses
his dissent to the sentiment of the old poet:

If I had a donkey and he wouldn't go,
Do you think I'd whollop him? No! No! No!!
As he jogs past "a la position!" we
look into that fortuitous concourse of
boards—the cart. It is about the size of a
candle box, but it carries freight—one
small bundle of cornstalks to serve for the
pony's fodder. And with this, he has
come thirty miles through the sandiest
roads of the piny woods! Fancy a yankee
go in to see the "a-ow"—even with such
a vehicle—and not carrying even three
cents worth of garden sass to trade for a
pair of knitting-needles.

Yes! The production is original. We
are in Florida.

[Correspondence of the London Times.]

The French Troops About Rome.

According to the last two numbers of
the Giornale di Roma, the arrival of
French troops and the re-establishment of
Pontifical authority at various places at the
Patrimoine have been productive of many
demonstrations of joy and attachment to
the Papal rule. At Castelluccio and Civita
Castellana the Pope's arms were resto-
red to their places amid the exultation of
the people and unanimous cries of "Viva
Pio Nono!" uttered by "a population
overjoyed at the opportunity of manifest-
ing its true sentiments." At Nepi, Cam-
pagnano, Ronciglione, &c., there were en-
thusiastic acclamations, discharge of mor-
tars, illuminations at night, and so forth.
In short, to read the official journal, one
would suppose that the proclamation of
Victor Emanuel and the display of the tri-
color had been brought about only by
force or by threats of sack and massacre.
It is painful to destroy so pleasing a pic-
ture of devotion to the Prince of Rome,
but unfortunately the facts of the case are,
with one exception, diametrically opposed
to the statements of the Giornale. Every-
where the utmost resistance was op-
posed—short of recourse to arms, which
would have been unavailing, and indeed
sheer madness. At Viterbo, on the ap-
proach of the French the gates were closed,
and a deputation was sent out to know
what they wanted. On their stating their
mission, they were informed that the gates
would not be opened for them. The French
commander insisted very strongly that
they should be, in order to save the un-
pleasant necessity of making use of two
guns which he had with him. There was
nothing for it but submission, and the
town was entered. The next thing to be
done was to substitute the Papal insignia
for those of Sardina, to take down the tri-
color flag which waved from the public
buildings and from a great number of pri-
vate houses. The Gonfalone or Mayor
refusing to do this, he was set aside, and
his predecessor, who had served under the
Papal rule, and was appointed in his
stead.

In England every child is required
by law, to be able to read and write before
it is permitted to enter the coal and iron
mines. Efforts are being made by the
friends of education to extend